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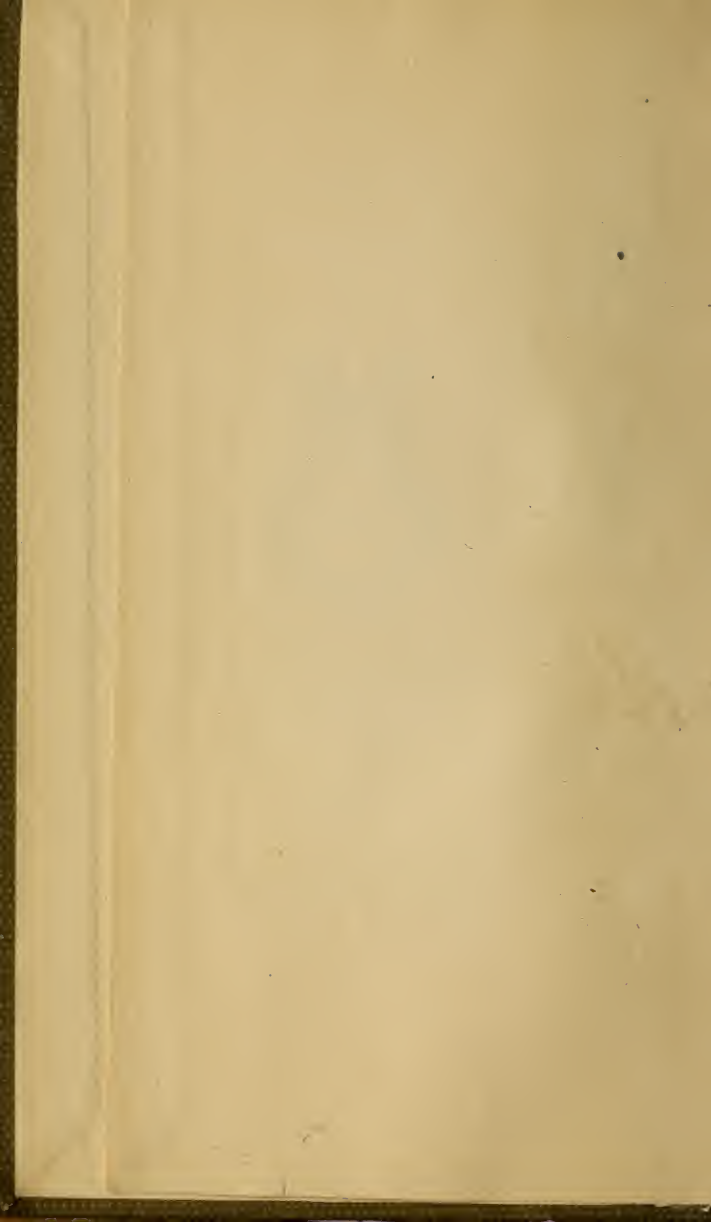


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Carlmilhan or the Drowned Crew.

CARLMILHAN You would forego Wealth, Existence, all, for Uda?

MAC VUS Life and Wealth are alike despicable unshared with Her. *(throwing the charnel Harpoon from him.)*

Act 2. Scene 5.

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Duncombe's Edition.

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OR,

THE DROWNED CREW!

A ROMANTIC MELO-DRAMA,

IN

Two Acts.

BY EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.

*Author of Jonathan Bradford, Walter Brand, Margaret's
Ghost, Tom Cringle, Deserted Mill, Wood Devil,
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A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES AND
DIRECTIONS,

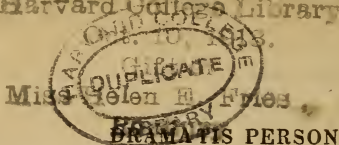
AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. Findlay, from a Drawing, taken in the Theatre.

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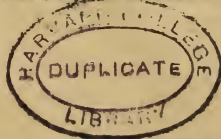
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Carlmilhan, the Super-human Commander of the Wreck</i>	Mr. G. Bennett
<i>Magnus Speil, a young Fisherman</i>	Mr. Cooper
<i>Petie, his Brother</i>	Mr. Brindal
<i>Sharkshead, Landlord of "The Golden Lobster."</i>	Mr. Webster
<i>Pompey, his Son</i>	Mr. Meadows
<i>Heist, Father to Uda</i>	Mr. Mathews
<i>Nolan Frosh</i>	Mr. J. Cooper
<i>Meik Reills</i>	Mr. Brady
<i>Uda, beloved by Magnus</i>	Miss Taylor
<i>Norna, a Peasant Girl</i>	Mrs. Fitzwilliam

Produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, April 21, 1835.
Time of Representation—1 hour 35 minutes.]

COSTUME.

- Carlmilhan*—Green shaped coat, trimmed richly with gold lace, cuirass of steel, white petticoat trouser, light green pantaloons, sea boots, black hat, trimmed with gold, &c. plume of crimson and black feathers, belt, pistols, sword, &c. Second dress—See second dress of Magnus.
- Magnus*—Blue fisherman's jacket trimmed with red, blue striped shirt, black neckerchief, white petticoat trouser, blue stockings, sea boots, fisherman's cap. Second dress—Similar, but better, and trimmed with gold lace.
- Petie*—Like that of Magnus. Second dress—Ditto, but more gaudy.
- Sharkshead*—Brown doublet, red waistcoat, loose grey breeches, apron, stockings, shoes, and buckles.
- Pompey*—Grey jacket trimmed with scarlet, flowered waistcoat, loose grey breeches tied with red, clocked stockings, shoes and buckles.
- Heist, Fishermen, &c.*—Dark jacket, &c. as Fishermen.
- Guests*—As better sort of Fishermen.
- Drowned Crew*—Passengers, male and female, in ancient costume, to harmonize with the Scene in which they are discovered.
- Uda*—Blue petticoat trimmed with black, black boddice laced in front with blue, gipsy bonnet trimmed with blue, hair falling in curls over the shoulders, black slippers. Second dress—Similar, but white trimmed with silver lace.
- Norna*—Chintz jacket, brown petticoat, blue stockings, black shoes, small gipsy hat, cap, hair falling over the shoulders. Second dress—Similar, but white, with bridal favyur.
- Bridesmaids*—To correspond with second dress of Norna.



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CARLMILHAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.--*A Romantic Bay, opening to the Sea. On a Promontary, R. H. a small Fishing Village. Nearer to the Audience Heists's Cottage, from the Door of which is a rude descent down a Cliff, U. E. R. H.*

Fishermen and Women, discovered, dancing and drinking.

CHORUS.

Calmly beams the watchful moon,
On the silv'ry, slumbering deep;
Pale nurse, that wields her crescent light,
O'er a giant in his sleep.
Up, then, merry fishermen,
Laugh at perils of the day,
Forget the oar, and safe ashore,
Drink and dance the hours away.
Drink, &c.

Enter SHARKSHEAD, followed by HEIST, from Cottage R. H. interrupting the Dance.

Heist. Uda, dancing with Magnus Spiel, after I, her father, have forbidden him my house?

Shark. (*Reeling.*) As I'm a sober man, yes—with Magnus. Ha, ha, ha! The poor devil has scarcely a net to dip into the ocean; his cottage is seized on for debt. He had a score behind my settle, I only wish he hadn't paid it, I'd dance him to a new tune, I would.

Heist. (*Searching.*) Who, amongst you, has seen my daughter? Uda! Uda! [*Calling.*]

Enter UDA, through throng, R. H.

Uda. Here am I, dear father; what has happened to displease you?

Heist. Neighbour Sparkshead kindly informs me that, contrary to my injunction, you have been dancing.

Uda. (*Confused.*) Only a very short dance, father, with——

Heist. Yes, perverse girl, with——[*Magnus, hastily advancing from Mob.*]

Mag. Magnus Spiel, the fisherman. Well,? what of that—have you aught to say to the disadvantage of my integrity?—[To Sharkshead.]—or, you?

Shark. I! oh, dear, no; I was just telling neighbour Heist, here, how punctually you paid my score. I, ale there! Oh, certainly. [*Affects to be called by a customer—reels away L. H.*]

Mag. Bah! [*Turning to Heist.*] But, sir——

Heist. I have already told you, Magnus, that I cannot accept you as a son-in-law; it is utterly in vain, therefore, that you seek to pay further court to my daughter. [*Drawing Uda away.*]

Mag. (L. H.) And all this is because I am unfortunate?]

Heist. You are, at least, steeped in poverty.

Mag. (Proudly.) Poverty is no crime.

Heist. You speak thus!—you, who hold, as I am but too well assured, communion with *evil spirits*, for the purpose of discovering hidden wealth!

Mag. (Confused.) I hold communion with evil spirits—I——

Heist. Yes: forgetful of your honest pursuit, a fisherman, you are seen frequently emerging from the haunted caverns of the Nikkur Holl, in gliding past the very entrance of which, every Christian puts up a prayer to defend himself from the demon who presides within.

Mag. (Proudly—as all listen.) If this be my offence, I confess it. You have all heard the story of a ship, which centuries ago was wreck'd by the weight of her cargo, gold, near the mouth of this terrible cavern, the Nikkur Holl,—the story is a very old one. [*They affirm.*] Who in Shettand disbelieves it?

All. Nobody! nobody!

Mag. And, if I am the first to think 'tis pity that so much gold should lie buried under the waves—which would do so much real service above them, and am bold enough to risk my life in seeking it—is that a reason why I should be despised?

Omnès. No, no, no!

Heist. The gold hath a curse upon it; is guarded by a demon, who, with the doomed crew of the old vessel, is sometimes heard moaning under the troubled waves, and sometimes seen gliding in his shadow ship over the moonlit waters, to——
[*All listen, close to each other, and trembling.*]

Mag. Shadow ship! Ha, ha, ha! Demon! fables at which I laugh. If there be gold, I would adopt mortal means to discover it, if otherwise, I would obliterate a falsehood which

has been so absurdly palmed upon us from age to age, and turn into ridicule the name of this fiend, for fear of whom ye pray, and tremble in passing the Nikkur Holl. This water-spirit that ye have been told guards the treasures of the ancient wreck—this, I never can recollect the phantom's name!—
[*Laughing. Scene darkens a little.*]

Voice. (Carlmilhan.) Carlmilhan!

Mag. (Starting.) Who uttered that sound?

Heist. I nothing heard. [*Crowd go up and look out.*]

Mag. (Wildly.) Is this mockery, or——It is the same voice, I have listened to it in my dreams, amid the echoes of the rocks; the same, which——

Uda. (Tenderly pressing his Hand.) Dear Magnus, this sudden wildness!

Mag. Beloved Uda! if I have sought unconsciously forbidden gold, believe me, it has been less from avarice than for love of thee; that I might pour forth uncounted treasures at thy feet, and soften thy stern-hearted father, who tender thee to my pure affection. [*Storm begins—the people retire gradually.*]

Heist. Magnus Spiel, I will hear no more, neither shall my daughter! Come, Uda; see, all our neighbours are departing! [*Thunder.*] This is no storm for Christian people to tarry abroad in. Uda, girl, attend me! [*She clings a moment to the hand of Magnus, then follows with reluctance her Father up to Cottage, U. E. L. H. The Storm still increases; Magnus remains alone. The Village Windows reflect the flashes of forked Lightning, &c.*]

Mag. (Starting from abstraction.) No storm for christian people! what then am I? having no longer a refuge—none, save my boat, and the ocean, there, which—[*Thunder.*] How strange is it—that word Carlmihan—it was uttered by such an unearthly tone, I almost begin to think with the superstition of yon fishermen, that spirits have power over us, good—[*Pausing.*]—or evil! [*Thunder and Storm.*] All! save myself, have fled to some shelter. I—ah!—[*Seeing a light in the Cottage, L. H.*]—Here is still the beacon-light of hospitality. Uda! [*Uda appears an instant at Lattice, and opens it, when Heist suddenly interposes.*]

Heist. Uda, girl, I say! [*Closes the Casement, and the Light is extinguished.*]

Mag. She would extend to me the signal of hope, but he—he—forbids it! [*Advancing.*] Uda! the light extinguished; so dies, too frequently, the last spark of friendship, when the sigh of calamity should fan it into a flame. Uda, torn from me

for ever!—man disclaims me! Come forth my boat, my only friend. We'll to the sea together—to the sea—to the sea!
[Going L. H. As voices are heard singing under the Water, the Storm abates, and the Moon appears, forming a stream of light to the Boat.]

AIR.

Carlmilhan! the moon's cold kiss,
 Now bids the wave good night.
 Thy spirits call thee, Carlmilhan!
 Ere beam the dawn's pale light.
 Carlmilhan! Carlmilhan!

Mag. (Recoiling.) Again, those wild, mysteries notes, so often heard near the Nikkur Holl.—*[Rubbing his Eyes.]*—No, I am awake; distinctly I behold yon flock of screaming birds, which, scar'd by an echo, hovers across the waters—what new terrors disturb them? Ah! a black speck, as it were, from the very centre of the moon, advances. It assumes the form of a boat—now, a sail appears, white as the foam which precedes it, Nearer still—a figure moves in that solitary bark—it is of a being often visible to my dreamy thoughts! It is——— *[A Black Speck appears in the Stream of Moonlight, first advancing, which becomes a Boat and Mast; on advancing to the edge of the agitated Waters, the Mast fades away, and Carlmilhan appears, his rich habit glittering in the Moonlight, his Features pale and pensive—he Gazes at Magnus.]*

Car. Carlmilhan!

Mag. There is, then, a being so called?

Car. [Mournfully.] Yes—I am he. I guard the treasures, inexhaustable, of the century-buried wreck; treasures which, though watched by a spirit, may yet be yielded to a mortal hand.

Mag. In what way?

Car. Ask an hour from hence, when yonder waning moon is on a level with these ebbing waters.

Mag. Where?

Car. Alone! at the Nikkur Holl.

Mag. Of whom?

Car. Carlmilhan!

Mag. Dare I confide in thee?

Car. Be this mine earnest. *[Throws a piece of Gold to Magnus.]*

Mag. (Picking up the Gold.) Gold!

Car. (Mournfully) Farewell! Remember—an hour hence—Carlmilhan!

Mag. Carlmilhan! [The Boat sinks with Carlmilhan, as Magnus, with apparent awe and pleasure, examines the Gold, then runs up Cliff, clings to a Rock and looking into the Water, as if in quest of Carlmilhan, &c. Where the Boat of the Spirit sinks, the Waters glitter and foam.]

SCENE II.—*Outside of a small Public House; over Door, the sign of the Golden Lobster.*

[Enter NORNA, with a Pitcher on her head, L. H.]

Nor. No signs of Petie; he, too, to break his appointment! I could break the pitcher about his ears, only I won't let him see how I love him! Here, Pompey, my master's only son, would make me Mrs. Sharkshead, any day of the week—so he would. But, then, I love Petie! I love him the more because he's unfortunate. Ah! it was a sad day for the poor lad when his brother's mind became crazed, on account of the fairy gold under the Nikkur Holl! Heigho! We must hope for better times. Oh, for a fairy skiff, and the deep, green, sea!

BALLAD.—*NORNA.*

Oh, were mine a fairy boat,
 With my love I'd wander free,
 Where the white winged seamews' float,
 O'er the green and tranquil sea.
 The sun by day should gild our way,
 Some star, by night, our pilot be,
 No worldly care should cross us there,
 Sailing, sailing over the sea.
 Oft at twilight's stilly hour,
 Let us tread enchanted ground,
 Littering near the mermaid's bower,
 To her shell of magic sound.
 Ah, if her lay, love's tune should play,
 Each note our heart's response would be,
 And we again prolong the strain,
 Sailing, sailing over the sea.

[Exit into Cottage.]

PETIE comes on cautiously, an old Gun at his Back, a Brace of Sea Birds in his Hand, L. H.

Pet. It was her beautiful voice. I know it, 'tis sweeter than the sea gulls' above the cliffs! Norna! ah, she does'nt hear me and I'm afraid to enter the public-house; for, since brother's infirmity, I've scarcely had any money, and old Sharkshead is not over fond of sheltering folks who can't pay for his hospitality. Norna!

Re-Enter NORNA, D. F.

Nor. (Pettishly.) Were you calling the landlord, pray?

Pet. No, Norna, you know better than that; it was only yourself I wished to have a few words with.

Nor. A few words with me; indeed, then, I think you might have arrived in a more seasonable hour; neighbours will make their remarks, and, when one has a character to lose, why——

Pet. (*Despondingly.*) Good night, Norna! [*Going L. H.*]

Nor. Good night! why, you are not going to leave me so? if I had ever supposed you such a shocking temper!

Pet. I—out of temper! I thought—but no matter. Ah, Norna! if you knew the vexations I've had to endure all this long day.

Nor. Vexations!

Pet. Yes, brother Magnus went out early in the boat, in which he catches no fish; for he sometimes sits whole hours brooding over, but that's an old story. So I took my gun to shoot a few sea birds, and when I returned, our cottage and goods had been seized on for rent, and Magnus is no where to be found.

Nor. I'm very sorry.

Pet. I know you would be, Norna, for you are very kind hearted and generous, and that's the reason why I have made up my mind to say something to you on a serious subject.

Nor. A serious subject! [*Aside.*] He's going to fix the wedding day. Well, Petie! [*Briskly.*]

Pet. Well, then, Norna, this it is:—since things have turned out so remarkably unlucky, why——

Nor. (*Interrupting him.*) Times must mend.

Pet. I see no prospect of that, and, therefore, I don't understand why I should freight you with my bad luck. I must work for my poor brother; and, in that case, how should I maintain a wife and a——?

Nor. (*Despondingly.*) Well?

Pet. (*Still more despondingly.*) I've been thinking, as Pompey Sharkshead loves you, in his way, and he's well off in the world, that I who really love you, ought to give you up, that you may be happy. What's a trifle of a broken heart to Petie, so long as he knows that Norna is well off and happy? [*Tears.*]

Nor. Now, Petie, I'll tell you what; you are a little, stingy, good-natured fool! and as for giving me up, I—I won't be given up so—I won't! I'd rather live on a rock with you, and only the sky to shelter us, than be Pompey Sharkshead's wife, though he were king of the Island, with an immense fortune of forty pounds a year.

Pet. Norna ! my dear Norna !

Nor. My dear Petie ! [*They rush into each others arms.*]

Enter POMPEY, observing from D. F.

Pom. Well, upon my word, this is tender ! Here, father ! —[*Calling.*] just step out, and look at your bar-maid ! this is mighty creditable work outside of the Golden Lobster, I'm thinking. Ugh !

Pet. (*Strutting.*) And pray what have you to say against it ? I and Norna have now made up our minds to become man and wife—and what have you to say against *that* ?

Nor. Aye ! what have you to say against *that* ?

Pom. Why, *that* I forbid the banns.

Pet. You, indeed ! On what pretence ?

Pom. Why, as a respectable tapster and drysalter ; I say that we have porpoises enough in our parish already.

Nor. Porpoises ! Ugh !

Pet. If you mean to insinuate that I and Norna's porpoises, why, I'll insinuate my fist into your eye, and——

Pom. (*Calling in terror.*) Wanted, father ! father ! [*Recoiling.*] You are——

Pet. Coward !

Enter SHARKSHEAD, reeling from D. F.

Shark. What's to pay ?

Pom. (*Advancing behind Sharkshead.*) The devil's to pay !—murder's to pay !

Shark. (*To Pompey.*) My dear child, you are not killed, I hope !

Pom. No, but I might have been if I'd liked—that is, if I had given way to the impulse of my natural courage. [*Advancing.*]

Pet. Your courage—a shrimp has more ! Why didn't you pass the threshold ?

Pom. D'ye think I didn't see the murderous gun at your back, concealed, on purpose to——— ?

Pet. (*Throwing down the Gun, and assuming a fighting attitude*) Another word—and———

Pom. (*Terrified.*) Father ! [*Getting behind Sharkshead.*]

Nor. Dear Petie, don't put yourself into a passion. Here, take your Gun and your birds, and go. [*Taking up Gun, &c.*]

Shark. Ah ! you ungracious hussey, this is all your doing, I've no doubt. I'd strangle the hound myself, only that I'm troubled with the family dizziness, which always attacks me at this hour !

Pet. (*Slinging his Gun.*) Family dizziness! Ha, ha, ha! brought on by the family thirst!

Shark. The villain! He turns the malady of the Sharks-heads into ridicule!

Pom. Knock him down, father!

Shark. The sacrilegious wretch! Ho! ho! neighbours! neighbours!

Enter Two Fishermen, D. F.

Seize me that profane villain, and toss him in a blanket! I'll wipe out your long-standing scores, and give ye new credit.

Nor. Fly, Petie!

Pet. I'll die sooner!

Pom. Kill him! [*Petie strikes Pompey to the right and left, with the Birds, as he is seized by the Fishermen, and thrown down.*]

Nor. Help! help!

Enter MAGNUS, hastily. He strikes off the Fishermen, and places himself in an attitude of defence over Petie.

Mag. What act of cowardice is this? Four of ye at once, set upon one man, and that man Petie, who never did an ill turn in the world! If any of ye have a word to say against my brother, speak boldly. I am here to answer for his delinquency—that is, if you prove it—if not, I'll punish severely the first that dares to utter a word to his disadvantage. [*To Pompey.*] Is it you!

Pom. No—I—I believe it was—father. Father, why don't you speak?

Shark. I—oh, we were joking—he! he!—and the joke must be at somebody's expence.

Pet. Yes—but, like your reckonings, never at your own.

Mag. Well, if it be merely a few hasty words, springing from a jest, Petie I'm sure will be the first to shake hands, forget, and forgive. We'll have a full flaggon to the future fellowship of all parties. [*With forced spirits.*]

Pom. (*Aside.*) Don't trust him, father!

Shark. I'm sorry, but the key of the cellar is lost. Besides, you are acquainted with my natural sobriety—I never suffers a tankard to be touched at the Silver Lobster—Golden Lobster, I mean—out of the usual hours, and——

Mag. (*Impatiently.*) Go, Norna—bring us a flaggon of the very best, filled foaming to the brim: and, for your lost key, old Sharkshead—here is a key of gold, which I trust will not only set the liquor afloat, but set the better channels of your heart flowing also. [*He gives the piece of gold.*]

Shark. If the family dizziness doesn't mislead me, it looks like a broad piece of shining gold—foreignish, but, by the mass gold! [*They all stare.*] By-the-bye, here is the key of the cellar. Make haste, Norna. [*Exit Norna, D. F.*] Customers shouldn't be allowed to wait.

Pet. (*Aside to Magnus.*) Brother, where did you obtain that money?

Mag. (*Shaking his Hand.*) From whence there is much more to be had—as I have always told you—[*Whispering.*—from the Nikkur Holl!

Pet. (*Alarmed.*) Brother!

Re-enter NORNA, with Flagon.

Mag. Silence—there is no danger. The ale! Here's—"Friendship amongst the Fishermen of Skerry!" [*Drinks heartily, and then gives the Flagon to Sharkshead.*]

Shark. (*Reeling, and snatching Flagon.*) I never drink more than a sparrow, but, for that toast, I've the thirst of an elephant. [*Drinks greedily.—Thunder.*]

Mag. 'Tis almost midnight—the sky still tempestuous——

Shark. (*Officiously.*) And, as I hear your cabin has been seized on in a most shameful manner, pray walk in out of the rain. [*Lightning.*] Have you any more gold? We have an excellent peat fire, and plenty of ale in the cellar—though I never drink, on account of the family dizziness.

Mag. For myself, I have some distance to go ere the moon sink beneath the level of the sea—for my brother, I thank you. Petie, you and I will meet here, an hour after sunrise. [*Thunder.*]

Pet. (*Anxiously.*) Sunrise! But, brother—whither are you going? Sha'n't I?

Mag. Fear nothing—all will be well. An hour after dawn expect me. Good night! [*Exit—Storm increases.*]

Shark. My old dizziness! Pray, neighbours, lend me your arms—my feet fail me sadly of late. Fal de ral! [*Reeling and capering—Fishermen assist him in.*]

Nor. Now, dear Petie!

Pom. (*At Door.*) Really, Mister Petie—allow me to ask—hadn't you better follow your poor brother, or——

Pet. (*Levelling his Gun.*) What! you won't be easy?

Pom. (*Bawling.*) Father! murder! [*Exit into House.*

Pet. and Nor. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt into House.*

SCENE III.—*A Gigantic Cliff, overhanging the Sea.**Enter MAGNUS.*

Mag. I will on no further! Yet, of what am I afraid? every projection of these rocks is as familiar to me as the tide which rusheth past. Why should I longer doubt what mine eyes have already witnessed? why disbelieve in the reality of gold which my hand hath already grasped? [*The Air of "Carlmilhan" is indistinctly heard, as in Scene I.*] Again! coupled with that mysterious name! Carlmilhan! be thou friend or foe, I will obey thee! [*Exit L. H.*]

UDA enters, timidly, R. H.

Uda. Magnus! Magnus! Alas, he hears me not! Oh, heavens! should he o'erstep yonder cliff! Petie! Petie! [*Calling.*]

Enter PETIE, his Gun in his Hand.

Pet. Now, Uda, hadn't you best return? What would Norna and the world say of my character should they hear of my strolling through cliffs and caverns, with a pretty young woman like you, at this hour?

Uda. See—see, how near the edge of the cliff he moves! Yes, yes—he is quite—quite distracted! Follow him, Petie, or——

Pet. (*Detaining her.*) Follow him! What, to the entrance of the Nikkur Holl! Not for all the herrings in the sea! Besides, he strictly desired me to tarry all night at the Golden Lobster; and, but for your beckoning me through the lattice, I hadn't re-crossed Master Sharkshead's threshold. But see! he's returning!

Uda. (*Advancing.*) Ah, what joy! Magnus!

Re-enter MAGNUS, hastily, L. H.

Mag. Yes—my mind is distraught—I'll go no farther—I'll——Ah! Uda here! watched, by you——[*Half angry.*]

Uda. Oh, do not chide me, Magnus, for my apprehensions lest you—like too many others, who have madly sought the gold of the Nikkur Holl—should also fall its victim. While my father slept, I have stolen forth to warn you for the last time. Listen, dearest Magnus—'tis Uda speaks to thee.

Mag. (*Starting, and gazing, L. H.*) There it glides again!

Uda. What?

Mag. (*Pointing L. H.*) That strange form!

Pet. A mere will o'th'wisp. These rocks are full of them.

Mag. It wears a human outline—features like our own,

Uda. (Incredulously.) Alas! alas!

Petie. (Sighing.) Ah, we are not all alike here. *[Touching his Head.]*

Mag. Now it advances to the edge of the billows! 'Tis Carlmilhan! Don't you perceive him?

Pet. (Frightened.) No—heaven forbid!

Mag. There! look, Uda!

Uda. I perceive nothing but the wave which lashes yonder rock. It does, indeed, wear a human resemblance.

Mag. (Gazing.) It is a spirit!

Pet. Is it? Then I'll prove it one.

Mag. Release me, Uda! *[Struggling.]* Carlmilhan, I come!
[Exit L. H.]

Uda. Great power! He walks into the white surf, as though it were a carpet of verdure! Now he disappears! he is drowning! I'll follow!

Pet. You must not—you shall not—you'll perish else! The tide is rushing this way! He knows every track of these shoals, and will return, as is his custom after these nights of distraction, calmly enough in the morning. *[Thunder.]* If you would not be dashed o'er the cliff—nay, then—*[Forcing her to R. H. Violent Thunder and Lightning.]*

Uda. Magnus! Magnus! *[Struggling, as he drags her away R. H.]*

SCENE IV.—*The Torrent of the Nikker Holl, crossed by two natural Arches resting on a Column in centre of the Water.—The front of the Scene represents a deep Cavern, with ascents and descents of Rocks on each side. Moonlight.*

Enter CARLMILHAN and MAGNUS, I E. R. H. CARLMILHAN welcomes him with a smile of melancholy.

Car. (To Magnus.) Advance!

Mag. There is a sepulchral tone in your language, which chills me, even as the thrilling blast of winter. The ember-like light of your eye, fills my soul with horror, as does that of the snake, which fascinates to destroy. Tempter! let me fly from thee to——

Car. To what? Poverty and despair? Thinkest thou I have not witnessed your midnight wanderings to this cavern?—your hopeless search for the hidden treasure, which I now offer as a remedy for all your miseries!—and because I pity your forlorn condition, you liken me to the serpent. *[Going.]*

But the tide from whose spray my footsteps are forbid to separate, is on the fall; I must retire also.

Mag. Stay! forgive me—shew me this wealth strewn wreck of which you would have me become the centinel, one hour of the night, instead of thee. Where is it?

Car. (*Pointing to the Sea.*) We must on, still deeper—ten fathom down.

Mag. You forget; I, a mere mortal, cannot long exist under the water.

Car. Wear in your vest this harpoon, encrusted with the rust of ages—it will enable you to breathe beneath the waves as easily as the amphibious seal of your own land! Are you content to confide in me?

Mag. I am.

Car. And have you the courage to look upon that haunted ship, whose loss you have so often heard bewailed in story?—where, spell-bound, for the crimes of her master and his pirate crew, she lies ten fathom deep, as in the moment of destruction—her men, torpid as the insensible rocks above us, her coffers filled with gold—[*Whispering*]—gold!

Mag. (*Eagerly.*) Lead on, a desperate zeal inspires me; the excitement which conducts to hope, is better than a nothingness worse than death! [*Carlmilhan leads him off, L. H. They go up the Bridge, across which Carlmilhan glides, as the second Arch disappears.*]

Mag. (*Pausing at the Abyss.*) Fiend! it is but to destroy that you have led me hither! Your arts are vain, and thus—[*As he essays to return, the first Arch falls into the Water, leaving him on the Column, and at the same time Carlmilhan appears in the centre of the Stage.*]

Car. It is now too late to retreat! the moon is already on a level with the waters! It is the period when only, the wreck of the charmed ship can become visible to human eyes. Behold!

[*Loud Thunder. The Rocks and Waters rise, and discover the half-buried Hull of the "Carlmilhan."* The Ropes are green with Sea-weed; the Timbers much decayed; the Windows and Lanterns of painted Glass, broken; the Crew lie about, on the sand, as if in the last convulsions of the drowned. Bales of Merchandize, Chests of Gold, and Jewels scattered around. Men on the Cordage, &c. The Column of the Bridge is now the broken mainmast. Magnus is in the Shrouds. The whole Picture is lit by the Moon, half sunk into the Waves. Carlmilhan stretches

forth his Hand and Magnus descends, surveying the Scene with awe and wonder.]

Car. Advance! [*Magnus shuddering as he advances.*] You shudder! [*Opening a large Chest of Gold.*] Art thou cold? here are beams will warm thee!

Mag. (*Eagerly surveying the Chest.*) Gold!

Car. Uncounted. This inexhaustible wealth—all shall be yours in exchange for one hour of liberty.

Mag. Liberty!

Car. Yes; your's for mine—one hour of the night, in exchange for the wealth of the Carlmilhan.

Mag. (*Eagerly.*) I am content.

Car. Nay—hear my story; then, if you waver not in your resolve, we have agreed.

Mag. I listen.

Car. Many years ago, in the olden time, Carlmilhan the pirate and his devil crew were the terror of every sea. Never passed a day that these decks were not crimson with the blood enforced by violence. At length, however, the bright star even of Carlmilhan's destiny set: tempest and wreck, and loss in battle ensued—mutiny next: the ingrates who had shared alike my plunder with my crimes, as if I alone had been culpable, cried aloud that the misfortunes which pursued the ship, were drawn down solely by the enormities of their captain. I was dragged from my cabin, and manacled in the dark hold, while they, in riot and demoniac exultation, returned to—to *perish*.

Mag. Perish?

Car. (*Hoarsely.*) Yes; fearfully, terribly was Carlmilhan avenged. As I lay in my prison, fettered, loudly to mine overstrained ear, descended the drunken sounds of mockery and defiance. The rage, the strength of superhuman force possessed me—I burst asunder my iron bonds, and reaching a porthole of this devoted vessel—snapt in twain, as it were a thread, the chain that held it fast. In furiously gushed the booming waters, deeper and deeper down, with every roar the ship descended—I cared not for myself, to die avenged was all—avenged, and like Carlmilhan. From thence my doom, to watch this fearful wreck, and at one especial hour of the night to encounter the reanimated forms of those I murdered.

Mag. And I must endure this?

Car. Not endure, but witness it in my stead, one hour at the set of the moon, for gold. Thou art innocent, and from thy untainted breast, the curses of the doomed will flow harmless back, as sea-foam from a rock of iron.

Mag. If I accept this gold, it will afford me——

Car. Power—happiness!

Mag. Happiness!—if I refuse it——

Car. (*Hoarsely.*) Death!

Mag. How?

Car. The harpoon which yields thee, here, a charmed life, will crumble into dust, and you will die the death of the *drowned*, as all others have done, who, like yourself, sought the gold of Carlmilhan, without the courage to deserve it.

Mag. (*Attempting in vain to seize him.*) Fiend! beware——

Car. Ha, ha, ha! calm thy vain fury—I offer thee death or happiness. Decide; the waves already bury the moon—a moment, and you are too late—thine answer!

Mag. What I am, is nothing; every hour of my life is now filled with anguish. Wealth cannot add to my despair—Carl-milhan, I assent! One hour for thee—the rest for riches, love, and Uda.

Carl. Enough; it is our compact! [*Bell sounds distantly.*] The land bell begins to strike—the moons sets. To-night, I—to-morrow thou. Witness, but fear not—hark! [*The Moon sinks below the level of the Waters, changing them to deep blue. The old Lanterns light dimly up. The Clock striking, the Crew become silently reanimated, and form small parties, as if meditating a mutiny, of which Carlmilhan is the object. Other Spirits of Women and Children appear to implore.*]

CHORUS OF THE GUILTLESS DROWNED.

Hear us—hear us, Carmilhan!
We are unprepar'd to die.
From the deep, deep wave,
Thy victims save—
Carlmilhan, to thee, we cry!

[*As these Spirits disappear, the Air dies away—the Mutineers advance furiously.*]

CHORUS OF MUTINEERS.

Down with the tyrant, down!
Dash him to a doomed grave!
There to lie 'till eternity,
Under the wave! under the wave!

[*The Crew now advance on all sides—they stab him—they flash Fire-arms at him, the flames of which are crimson, but no sound prevails. The Waves become more and more agitated—thunder—blue forked lightning creeps over the Deck—Signals of distress are fired—the Ship is sinking—the timbers breaking and floating*

—the Crew clinging to the cordage. Sea Monsters appear through the Waves—Carlmilhan is unmoved—Magnus clasping his Knees. All the rest of the Scene should be wrought up to a climax of horror.]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A rich Tapestried Chamber, in the Castle of Noss. Folding Doors in centre discover an extensive interior lighted by an antique Chandelier, under which are Bridesmen and Maids, dancing. In the front Chamber, a Banquet. HEIST, SHARKSHEAD, POMPEY, and a tribe of Guests, drinking and singing. In the front Chamber, L. H. an ancient Clock, pointing to the hour of Ten. On R. H. a Window, nearly covered with a Curtain. Uda, dressed as a Bride, appears amongst the Dancers; they crown her with a White Garland. At the same moment, Magnus, better clad, is seen at the Banquet Table. The Guests rise, elevate their Goblets, &c. CARLMILHAN is perceived mysteriously watching at the Window.*

Carl. (Hoarsely.) Magnus! 'tis the hour! [*Disappears, and Curtain falls entirely.* MAGNUS, who hears alone the summons, steals cautiously past the dancers, advances to the first Chamber, partly closing the Doors after him. He glances hastily at the Clock.]

Mag. (Pale and agitated.) That awful summons—so late! what excuse can I make for my singular disappearance to my friends, to my young bride? Yet, I must this instant, to my hour of compact, on board the unhallowed deck, or all that glitters here, will fade as the undulating beams of silver vanish from the face of the waters, when the moon veils herself in clouds of darkest night!

Enter UDA, from Centre Room.

Uda. (Comes down R. H. taking his Hand.) Dearest Magnus! why have you quitted the feast? You are the sun of yonder hemisphere; our guests bask but in your presence.

Mag. (L. H.) Talk not to me of the sun, Uda; it is of the moon I would ask.—Sets she not earlier to-night?

Uda. I know not; but this window looks towards the sea.

[Runs and draws aside the Curtains ; the Moon appears nearly touching the Waters.]

Mog. Ah, yes ; her edge almost rests upon the waves—a few moments, and I must begone !

Uda. (Returning.) Gone !—whither ? What ails thee, Magnus—art thou not happy ?

Mag. (Tenderly.) Happy ! am I not thy bridegroom ?

Uda. Oh, yes ! my heart—nay, every heart is yours. Hath not your bounty enriched the Island and bettered the condition of your friends ? All the happiness around us is due to your generosity—your wealth, too, so inexhaustible. Oh, Magnus ! how bountifully did heaven direct thy search to the buried treasures of the Carlmilhan !

Mag. (Starting.) Let not thy pure lips utter that name ;

Uda. Nay, love, to that name do I not owe thee ; and these grateful lips must pronounce it, even in their prayers !

Mag. Go rejoin thy gay companions, on the instant I will be at thy side. Excuse me to our guests, till———[Looking towards Window.] Ugh ! already the sea waves kiss yon envious planet—and I—misery !

Uda. Is it the influence of the moon distracts thee ? I'll close the curtain—you'll then be calm. [She runs to the Curtain, which, while she is drawing—her back towards her lover—Carl milhan rises, resembling Magnus in his habit, R. up Trap.]

Mag. Ah, Carl milhan ! even as myself attired—as mine, his features ! What seek'st thou ?

Carl. (Touching him.) Thee ! It is thine hour ; I am here to summon thee. Go !

Mog. Uda ! [He vanishes down centre Trap.]

Carl. Uda ! [Calling.]

Uda. (Advances.) Yes, Magnus ! [Turning to Carl milhan.] Now, dearest ; is thy mind serene ? [With anxiety.]

Carl. (L. H.) That which disturbed it hath passed away.

Uda. Oh, then, I am most happy ! Shall we rejoin the dance ? Listen to the sweet music ; it hath a melodious tone ?

Carl. (Tenderly.) Far less assuasive than thy soft voice.

Uda. Flatterer !

PETIE, HEIST, POMPEY, NORNA, SHARKSHEAD, with Goblets, advance from Centre.

Pet. Ah ! wedded I don't know how many hours ; and stealing away to make love, as if———

Nor. Really Petie, I'm sorry to be under the necessity of informing you, that you are———

Shark. Shockingly tipsey ! I've been nodding and winking at him for this last hour, to put him on his guard ; but some people never can tell when they've taken sufficient. [*Reeling.*]

Pet. That's quite perceptible.

Pom. Father ! he's sneering at you again.

Shark. (*Aside.*) Let him sneer ; he's the brother of a rich man, and the Sharksheads don't snap at gudgeons, when they are on the gape for whales. But we came here to drink a bumper round, with the bridegroom.

Carl. (*Rejects the Wine.*) No, no !

Shark. (*Offering a Goblet to Carlmilhan, who rejects it.*) No ! then I will. [*Drinks.*]

Carl. Fool ! Ha, ha, ha ! [*Wildly. All start.*]

Pom. That's a very odd laugh—[*Thunders.* ;—and—it thunders ! Listen !

Pet. Well, you don't think that my brother has conjured up the storm, do you ?

Pom. (*Mysteriously.*) People said, that whoever found the gold of the old ship, would have to do with——

Pet. Blockheads ! [*Aside to Sharkshead.*] But I'll prove my brother as good a Christian as the best of ye—you shall be satisfied. [*Advancing to Carlmilhan.*] Brother Magnus, give me your hand ! [*Taking Carlmilhan's hand.*]

Carl. (*Perturbed.*) What would he ?

Pet. (*Simply.*) That cross, which our dear father imprinted on our wrist, like the one on mine, for fear we should be drowned at sea. Now, Master Sharkshead ; I hope you—ah ! —[*Lifting up the Sleeve of Carlmilhan—he stands aghast. Carlmilhan glides away.*]

Carl (*Hurriedly.*) Uda ! away ! away ! or——

Pet. (*Detaining Uda.*) Yes ; you may away, but not with Uda. (*Dragging away Uda.*) I don't understand all this. You are my brother, yet you are not my brother—and if you are not my brother, you are the devil ! [*All recoil.*]

All. (*In confusion*) How !

Pet. I don't know how ! I wish I did ; but this shall prove : [*Searching L.*] Where did I leave my gun ?

Carl. (*Struck with an idea.—Aside.*) Rid of them ; alone with her. [*To Petie.*] Hound ! I could trample thee as easily under my foot, as I could a grain of dust on yonder shore !—

1—

Pet. If you are not bullet proof, beware ! [*Presenting Gun.*]

Uda. (*Struggling.*) Petie ! distracted you must be, or——

Carl. Rash idiot !—my rage ! [*He rushes upon Petie—seizes*

the Gun, which goes off.—Carl milhan falls, as if dead.—Uda utters a piercing scream. Petie stands torpid.]

Heist. Wretched Petie!

Pet. (Wildly.) His own violence was the cause!

Pom. (Aside to Sharkshead.) I'll run and give information!

Petie, hanged, Norna might still be Madame Sharkshead!

[Exit L. H.]

Uda. (Who has thrown herself on the Body.) His eyes are closed in death! he breathes no longer! But, Uda, will not survive thee, Magnus. No! the nuptial wreath, which now I pluck from my distracted brow, shall not fade, ere I lie dead as thou! [Weeping, &c.]

Heist. Away with her, gently, from this scene of woe!— [Uda, supported out, fainting, through Centre.—Heist, &c. follow.]

Re-Enter POMPEY, officiously, with Two Officers, pointing to PETIE, whom they arrest.

Pet. (Starting from abstraction.) What violence is this? I—yet I deserve it—I—my poor brother! [Bursting into tears, he looks towards the Body, as a vivid gleam of Lightning fills the Room in which it is laid.] Dead—he rejects me! his cold hand refuses to return my ardent pressure, as if—I—will—away—with—to a prison! [Exit Petie, followed by Officers.]

Pompey follows with exultation, L. H.

SCENE II.—Exterior of the Castle.

Enter NORNA, hastily, L. H.

Nor. Why, Petie, Petie! [Calling.] Was ever such an unlucky wedding-day as this? It is a shocking tragedy for me; so it is. Unless, indeed, I and Petie could make our escape in the boat, and cross the seas to— [Looking L. H.] Oh! what a dismal sight! Petie! [Rushing into Petie's arms as he Enters, guarded by the Two Officers, L. H.]

Pet. Norna! [Weeps.]

Nor. But whose doing is it that you must be sent to prison, Petie? and who— [Enter POMPEY, L. H.] It's yours, is it? — [Crosses to Centre.]—Crawling, like a viper as you are, you've been and denounced my Petie—eh? [Going up to him.]

Pom. (Retreating) I—I—Nor—Nor—I wish father were here to—to—

Nor. Don't remain stammering there! I know the intent of your malice; but it won't answer; for, if Petie were hanged, sooner than marry you, I'd marry the King of Tartary, who

weds twenty-four wives a-day, and cuts their heads off every half-hour! [*Sneering.*]

Pom. Hasn't Petie just proved himself, what his ruffian-like attacks upon me daily pronounced him?

Nor. A what?

Pom. A what? It's no secret, I think—a—a—a—mur——

Pet. (*Struggling.*) A murderer! [*Checking himself.*—I shall run mad!

Pom. He'd like to bite me, I suppose—the mad dog! Collar him well, or he'll escape!

Pet. Not I! that would look like guilt, indeed. Good bye, dear Norna, when the worst is known, you'll come and see me? [*Mournfully.*]

Nor. (*Sobbing.*) Die with you, Petie!

Pom. Mighty fine!

Pet. Dear Norna, I'm almost glad that this has happened; for, now I know how tenderly you do love me! [*Kissing her.*] But return to the Castle, and console poor Uda; then follow and tell me what she says, and——[*Affected,*]

Nor. Yes, Petie! [*Weeping.*—*He goes out much agitated,* R. H.]

Pom. (*Aside.*) Not if I can help it! [*To Norna.*] What's the use of grieving? I don't cry, and sob, and—— [*Advancing.*]

Nor. Ugh! serpent! [*Recoiling, crosses L. H.*]

Pom. (*In a great rage.*) Oh, very well, serpent! I think you said serpent! I meant to be a dove to you: but when I think of wings, you talk of stings! I beg leave to say——

Nor. (*Fiercely.*) What?

Pom. I'm a serpent! [*Sneaks out,* R. H.]

Nor. Well-a-day! well-a-day! what a woeful change is here! Joy has fallen from every heart, as the young buds drop off in the spring time, after an unlooked-for blight. Yet, as my dear Petie says, there never was a rose without a canker, or a joy without a grief.

BALLAD—NORNA.

Every rose its canker hath,
 Ev'ry joy its sorrow;
 If to-day we laugh and play,
 We must weep tomorrow.
 But love is life's own beacon light,
 The heart deserting never—
 From bliss to woe, from youth to age,
 It burns, unchanged for ever.

Love is twilight's early star,
 Through night's darkness gleaming—
 'Tis the rainbow of the heart,
 Hope in anguish beaming.
 Though beauty fade, though wealth decay,
 Though friends misfortune sever—
 Still true love lightens every care,
 And burns, unchang'd, for ever.

[Exit L. H.]

SCENE III.—*A Wing of the Chapel of the Castle, R. H. Through a large broken Gothic Window is distinctly perceptible the Aisle, and Altar, with Candles burning. The body of CARLMILHAN, as Magnus, lies before the Altar, on a Bier—the pale features tinged by the Moon. From the side of the Chapel a small Door conducting to the centre of the Stage. On the L. H. is a Bower of Willow over a recumbent Tomb. A Moat runs across the front of the Stage, the waters thereof aer lit by the Moon. At the opening of the Scene a few Friars are singing in the Chapel, with Tapers in their Hands. HEIST is amongst them, supporting UDA, who wears a mourning Veil.*

ANTHEM.

Peace to the ashes of the dead,
 O'er them while we mourning weep,
 May the soul, on dove like wing,
 High above bright vigil keep.

[The Friars, &c. quit the Chapel by the side door R. H. UDA and HEIST remain—she hangs over the Body.]

Enter NORNA, L. H. as from Castle.

Nor. The corse placed before the altar of the chapel! Ah, if it can rest there, then it is no demon, and poor Petie— But I begin to be terribly afraid! If a ghost should spring up from behind that tomb—and as for entering the chapel, except it were to be married, I would not at this hour for—ugh! wha—what's that?

Enter UDA and HEIST, from side Door, 2 E. R. H.

Heist Fear nothing, Norna; Uda and myself alone are near you.

Nor. Oh, I'm not in the least afraid. He, he! ugh! [Starting.] Oh, its only my own shadow.

Uda. (Recoiling from Castle.) Not that way! No—dwell in yon fatal castle without him—never—never!

Heist. Seat yourself, then, under this willow. I'll pull hither

the boat, and we'll cross the moat to the old cottage. [*Exit L. H. Uda, sustained by NORNA, seats herself on the Tomb, under the Willow.*]

Uda. (*Pressing her Brow.*) How my temples throb and burn—and my lips are almost parched with fever. Give me to drink, dear Norna, in the hollow of your hand, from yonder stream.

Nor No, not from that stream, which flows directly from the Nikkur Holl; there is a well at the door of the castle, there—[*Pointing.*—its water is like crystal—if you be not afraid of——

Uda. Of what—of him! Oh, no, no, no!

Nor. In an instant I'll return. [*Runs out, L. H.*]

Uda. Apprehension! simple Norna! he that loved Uda better than all created beings. [*Rising.*] Alone I'll gaze upon him through this friendly window. [*Gazing.*] Ah, my love—my life! would that the voice of Uda, from thy solemn sleep might bid thee awake—arise! [*The Body vanishes—she screams and attempts to escape.*]

Enter CARLMILHAN, through the Willow, as himself, meeting her.

Car. Uda! [*Advances L. H.*]

Uda. Who art thou?

Car. Carlmilhan!

Uda. The spirit of the wreck! What seekest thou?

Car. Uda!

Uda. Me!

Car. Aye. Attracted by the music of the night, I looked in at the window of the bridal chamber. I saw thee dancing, fairer than all around: my soul burned to companion itself with thine. He was right that called me superhuman. I did indeed assume the form of thy lover to approach and gain thy confidence.

Uda. Horror! my poor Magnus! Where is he?

Carl. Spell-bound—from which thy presence may release him for ever. Behold! [*The Willows are blown aside, as by a blast of Wind, and discover Magnus guarded by Mutineers, with Daggers at his Throat.*]

Uda. Magnus!

Mag. Uda! Uda!

Car. He calls on thee to release him.

Uda. If it be in my power so to do, oh quickly bear me to where he is. Quickly, or I faint—I die!

Carl. (*As she faints.*) Enough—she's mine! Now, to the haunted deck—ha, ha, ha! [*The Waters rise around them—they sink together.*]

SCENE IV.—*An old Watch Tower, with practicable Window and Door, R. H. Back Scene—Sea view, Rocks, &c.*

Enter POMPEY, marching past the Door, with Petie's gun on his Shoulder.

Pom. Ha, ha, ha! So long as Petie is safely locked up in this old watch-tower, I watch outside. Hanged he deserves to be, and hanged he shall be.

Pet. (*At Window.*) Pompey!

Pom. Ah, if you attempt to put a finger through the bars, I'll certainly shoot you with your own murderous musket.

Pet. Only convey me a few words to Norna, and——

Pom. (*Strutting.*) I'm no pitiful message-bearer—no runner of vile errands! Down! or—[*Presenting Gun*—Petie disappears.]—Ha, ha, ha! it's a fine thing to have the power in one's own hands, and to know how to use it in a merciful and Christian-like way.

Enter NORNA, L. H.

Nor. You are right, Pompey—it is a fine thing to have power, and to use it in a Christian-like way.

Pom. Then why didn't you do so? You had the power to make me happy, and——

Nor. Well, only allow Petie to escape, and——

Pom. You along with him, eh? He, he, he!

Nor. You are a barbarous monster. But the ghost of Magnus is wandering up and down the castle—he can't rest because Petie is locked up; and if you don't release him, why the ghost will, that's all.

Pom. He, he, he! that isn't a bad story, but it won't unlock yonder door: and, as for your ghost—though it may whip through a keyhole itself, it won't whip Petie through one, I'm thinking.

Nor. Now, pretty Pompey——[*Coaxingly.*]

Pom. It won't do—I'm iron!

Nor. (*Mysteriously whispering.*) The fact is, that I do love you.

Pom. Only that you love somebody else better. Don't come too near me—recollect, I'm a serpent.

Nor. That is to say—you are a beguiler, a——

Pom. Well—go on.

Nor. (*Bursting into a rage.*) No, I can't—for I despise you too much for flattery. You appear to me uglier than ever; and I wish, from the inmost depth of my heart, that—[*Petie shews himself.*—Ah, dear Petie! [*Tenderly.*]

Pet. Ah, Norna!

Pom. (*Turning to Window.*) How! curse me, if they be not making love under my very nose. But I'll close the old shutter, and then we shall see how foolish somebody will look. [*Puts down the Gun to fasten the Shutter—she seizes it, and presents it at him.*]

Nor. Yes, we shall see, indeed, how foolish somebody will look.

Pom. (*Frightened.*) You surely wouldn't dare to pull the trigger—why don't you know 'twould go off?

Nor. (*Firmly.*) Go off you—or—[*Presenting.*]

Pom. Hillio—father—some one, there—murder—help! [*He runs out, L. H.*]

Nor. Ha, ha, ha! Petie? Petie! [*Tries Door.*] Alas, no key! What is to be done? my strength to force the door is vain! I—lost!

Re-enter POMPEY and Two Fishermen.

Pom. Seize her, and take away the gun!

Nor. At their peril! 'tis Petie's, and—[*They pursue her round the Stage till she comes under the Window—she gives Petie the Gun, which he presents at them—they are about to rush off L. H. when MAGNUS enters abruptly—they recoil to the centre of the Stage—Tableau.*]

Mag. Petie a prisoner! who has dared—Where is the key of his prison? [*Norna points to Pompey, who, terrified, drops the Key, and rushes off L. H. followed by Fishermen, crying “A ghost! a ghost!” Norna recoils, observing Magnus, who releases Petie.*]

Pet. (*Looking at the Wrist of Magnus.*) Don't be afraid, Norna—this is really brother Magnus, and no spirit.

Mag. Where's Uda?

For. I can't imagine. I left her by the side of the moat, weeping for the loss of you—when I returned she had suddenly disappeared.

Mag. (*Wildly.*) Not in the castle! not at the cottage! Ah! near the moat, you say? Dreadful thought! frantic! drowned! Perhaps she—and is this to be the accursed result of—But

I'll seek thee, Uda! In deepest waves I'll seek thee; and where thou liest dead, there also will Magnus find a grave!—
[*Rushes out, R. H.*]

Nor. Magnus!

Pet. Brother! [*They hurry after him.*]

SCENE V.—*Carlmilhan's Cabin. The ancient Roof of this Cabin bears a Cloister-like form, supported on each side, by roughly-carved Sea Dragons, from whose mouths issue small flames. Through a heavily carved Window, in back, is discernible the deep green of the Ocean; the whole Scene wears an appearance of remote ages. Uda is discovered reclining almost insensible on a Couch of Oak and Canework. Carlmilhan stands at some little distance, intensely gazing at her with folded Arms.*

Uda. (*Looking about.*) Magnus! where is he? [*Looking.*]

Carl. Gone—for ever! Uda hath become his ransom: for gain of gold he sold thee! Since the treasure which purchased me one hour of his liberty, purchased Uda also! Ha, ha, ha! Without that liberty, Carlmilhan could have never extended the limits of his footsteps beyond the edge of the waters.

Uda. (*Rising.*) Magnus!

Cari. Utter not that name; thou shalt reign here under the ocean. I will confer on thee pleasures that are imperishable.

Uda. Pleasures! (*Looking despondingly around.*) Magnus! in mercy, kind spirit, give him to me. Where is he? Pity! pity! [*Throwing herself at his Feet.*]

Carl. Uda! speak—decide Carlmilhan?

Uda. No! Magnus—Magnus—or death?

Carl. (*Seizing her Hand.*) Sleep, then, perverse Uda; and when another century shall have rolled away, and with it all thou lovest, the despised Carlmilhan will awaken thee again.

Mag. (*Outside.*) Carlmilhan!

Uda. (*Starting with wild joy.*) Ah! the voice of Magnus! Ha, ha, ha!

Carl. (*Pausing—surprized.*) It is a delusion; his presence here is now impossible. Exult not, with this touch die the death of the drowned! [*Touching her, she falls insensible on the Couch; he covers her hastily with a Green Mantle.*]

Mag. Carlmilhan ! [*He appears to float past the Window.*]

Carl. What devil-spell enables him to exist beneath the waters ?

Enter MAGNUS, 2 E. L. H.

Mag. (Kneeling.) Carlmilhan ? Friendly being, I conjure thee, aid this despairing heart !

Carl. (Coldly.) What seekest thou ?

Mag. Uda, my bride, I have lost her.

Carl. (Angrily.) Is that aught to Carlmilhan ?

Mag. To thee are known all the secrets of the deep—in the flood she perished.

Carl. (Coldly.) If she be dead, are there not other maidens in thy native village. The smile of beauty is easily purchased by the rich.

Mag. Uda, dead ! thou assured of that—where to gaze upon her faded features ?

Carl. (Drawing aside the Cloak.) Behold them, and begone ! Go seek again thy home, and, if affluence can render thee so, be happy.

Mag. (Crosses to Uda.) Happy ! affluence ! This cold hand shall be my affluence—these lips, the pure casket into which I'll breathe my soul ! Yes, Uda, this talisman— [*Producing the Harpoon.*]

Carl. (Aside.) The harpoon ! why did I forget it ? Ah ! what would'st thou ? [*Seeing him about to break the Harpoon.*]

Mag. Break this cruel spell which yields here, without Uda, a hated life.

Carl. You would forego wealth—existence—all for Uda ?

Mag. Life, wealth, both are alike despicable unshared with her, and yield me only misery and despair ! Uda, I—
[*He violently snaps asunder the Harpoon, and making an effort to reach the Couch, falls in Centre of Stage.—Thunder is heard, The Dragons breathe forth flames of Red Light.—Forked Lightning gleams through the Windows.—Carlmilhan remains in a gloomy attitude, contemplating Magnus, till he is quite still.*]

Carl. (Starting from abstraction.) Carlmilhan, it were some atonement for thy crime to restore these hapless lovers, unharmed to their native earth. [*Pause.*] It is decided : Uda ! I love thee for thy fidelity, even thy fidelity to him.—Awake, then, fond lovers, from your troubled sleep ! [*Waving his hand.*] I return you to happiness, and to that shore, where anxious friends are waiting to greet your glad return. Now, rage on, conflicting elements ! Up, up ! ye groaning timbers,

float, float ! to the billows ! Carlmilhan ! to the billows. Ha, ha, ha ! [*The Lovers become animated, recognise each other, and rush forward, as Carlmilhan and the Cabin vanish ; the side wings change to the Castle and Rocks—The People, Heist, Petie, Pompey, Norna, Sharkshead, &c. enter, and recognize Magnus and Uda—Carlmilhan appears on the Deck of the Shadow Ship which is in full sail, receding from the Shore.*]

[*A Picture is formed.*]

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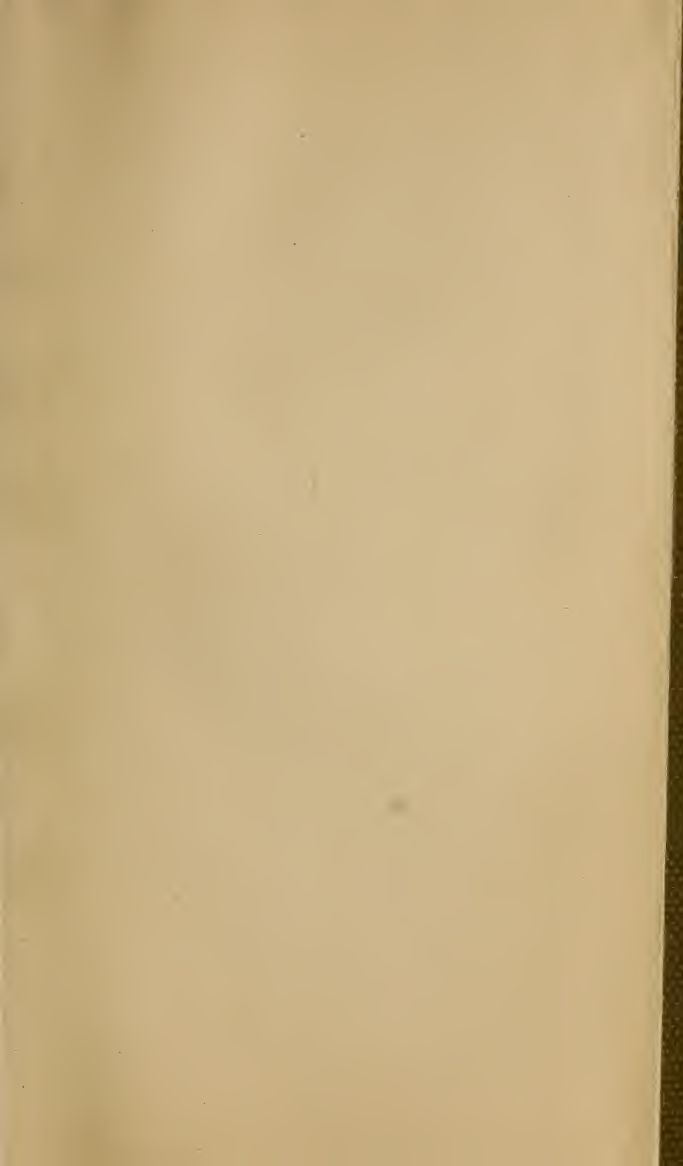
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